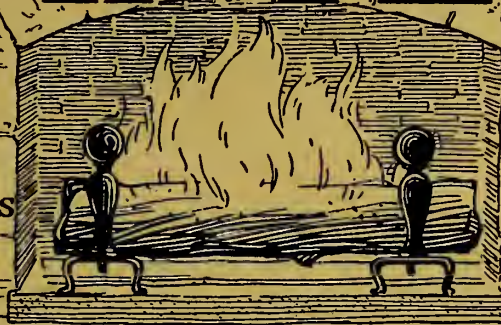


CONFERENCE POINTERS

Hill Top Echoes
*Camp of the
100 Fires*



Lake Breeze
*Camp of the
4 Fold Life*



The Tipi-Wakan in Winter
JANUARY-FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1919

The Camp of a Hundred Fires

THE Camp is closed so far as members are concerned for the season of 1919. On January 20 the 100 waiting list was completed. Applications are now being numbered, but no registration fees will be accepted. The following letters tell their own story:

1. The First Waiting List Letter.

"We are sending you your official receipt for one-third of the registration for the Camp-Conference this year.

"Unfortunately, the entire registration for this year has been filled. This does not mean that there is no opportunity for you to go to Camp, as there are bound to be some cancellations, but it does mean that you are No. on the waiting list. As soon as there are cancellations enough, your name will be taken off the waiting list and placed on the regular list. You will be notified when this happens.

"Trusting that you will get to Conference Point this summer, and with the very kindest regards and best wishes, I am

"Very sincerely yours,
"Camp Director."

2. The Second Waiting List Letter.

"Your application and one-third registration fee have been received. I am ex-

ceedingly sorry that it is impossible for the Management to promise you a place in the Camp-Conference at Conference Point on Lake Geneva this summer.

"We are filing your application form and have placed upon it the number, which shows your position on the waiting list. You will notice that this number is above the supplementary list of 100. The Camp membership is limited to 250, and this was completed on the 20th of January. The complementary waiting list of 100 has been closed since then, so that you are now on what could practically be called the second waiting list. There will, doubtless, be cancellations among the original 250 applications, but whether there will be enough to reach your number is a question. For this reason we are returning the registration fee, and will notify you at a later date if there should happen to be a place for you in the Camp. I am exceedingly sorry to have to do this, but stern necessity demands it.

"With very great regards and best wishes, I am

"Very sincerely yours,
"Camp Director."

We are wondering if any of the boys will register too late for Camp this summer.

Our Gold-Star Campers

EDWIN REINHARD FRANZ.

**Born, Chicago, October 20, 1895;
Killed in Action, France, October
14, 1918.**

"HE DIED bravely" is what the Captain told his mother in the letter which announced that Eddie Franz had been killed in action in France.

"Eddie" Franz was President of the Older Boys' Council, Boys' Chairman of the Kenwood District, and an enthusiastic promoter and supporter of all the work for the Older Boys' Conferences and Councils in Cook County.

He was drafted in April and sent across the last week in August. His foreign service covered only six weeks; he being killed on the 14th of October. His mother received a letter about the 1st of November which had evidently been written on the day of his death, and at the end of the day, since he told her what he had had for supper. Attached to the letter was one of the same date from his Captain, who

told how they had gone into action and that Eddie was killed by a bursting shell. The Captain said, "It was my privilege to carry him to shelter, where he died very soon after without pain and very bravely."

LIEUT. WALTER VERLIN DIAL, A. E. F.

**Born December 29, 1894; Killed in
Action in the Argonne, October 4,
1918.**

"GOOD old Verlin! Kipling says of an Indian plague that it never leaves, until it has taken the best man. I do not hesitate to say that Dial was the finest man I ever knew. The best of our crowd is gone. Of course, we both know that he will never be gone—the influence of his life and the example of his death will always live. But he has paid the price and I know he was glad to be able to do it. What a MAN he was!"—[From a letter from Howard H. Cammack.

Conference Pointers

*Camp of the
4-Fold-Life*

Lake Breeze—
Hill Top Echoes

*Camp of the
100 Fires*

Publication Office, Mount Morris, Illinois

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JOHN L. ALEXANDER, *Editor*

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Vol. III

JANUARY-FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1919

No. 4

At the Editor's Desk

Conference Pointers has been playing "Rip Van Winkle" since Christmas. It is funny how many things have conspired to keep the Camp-Conference monthly from going to press. But there is little use in explaining or in offering an apology—or anything. The present issue of Conference Pointers is "Three in One"—January, February, March. It is a new discovery, due to war conditions and the Editor—mostly the Editor. It comes to you with its own message—the message of spring and optimism and new life and hope.

The last issue of Conference Pointers was a Campers' Number. This one is a Leaders' Edition. Some of the leaders have been good enough to write articles out of their hearts, telling how Conference Point and the Camp-Conferences impress them. This is a good number to read to your parents and grown-up friends. It is a glimpse into the heart of things. Read it very, very carefully yourself.

As the Editor writes, there is great dismay among those who would register for the Camp of a Hundred Fires. No one needs any proof of the popularity of the Older Girls' Camp-Conference or of its helpfulness. The contrary is evident and causes the dismay. The Camp is closed for the season of 1919! There are nearly

as many on the waiting list as there are accepted campers. And a lot of the old girls are not accepted. O, "foolish virgins!" The November number of Conference Pointers gave you fair warning, and the Director's personal letters added to the word of precaution in Conference Pointers. And now, there is nothing to do but take your chance of a cancellation.

What is your number on the waiting list? From this you can measure your chances. We will take care of you, if we can. Who could do more?

Well, boys, it is your turn next! Have you registered for the Camp of the Fourfold Life as yet? The waiting list will start very soon and with

you—well, it may be so, also. As the train porter says, "All aboard as is going aboard." Conference Pointers issues the *last call* for the Camp of the Fourfold Life.

Two gold-star campers have a special mention in this number of Conference Pointers. They died nobly for America and are dear to us. Their living comrades will likely control the next number.

Do you like the picture on the front page? The ice is giving way, and the Tipi-Wakan is getting ready to greet you.

Boys, heed that last call.



1. The Awakening.

The Spirit of Geneva

“WHEN you receive this you will have been at Camp, ‘C-A-M-P,’ for two whole days.” This was the opening sentence in a letter received from a camper of one previous year, and one who for eleven months had been planning and hoping to again visit Geneva. At the last moment it was found impossible, and a more disappointed girl it would have been hard to find.

Just what is it about the Camp-Conference which holds such interest from year to year, which summons Christian girls of high ideals from North and South, from East and West, from all corners of our continent, for two weeks only—but two weeks whose memory lives throughout the whole coming year?

Is it the “grand times” had, or the “wonderful friendships” formed with other girls and leaders who always understand? Partly, yes, but much more than that.

Geneva touches the vital spot in a girl’s life; it brings her face to face with a challenge to follow the Master’s leading in every part of her life, and only in so doing will she develop into the finest woman possible. She lives out in practice, during those never-to-be-forgotten days, the Jesus way of living, Mental, Physical, Social, and religious, each receiving equal attention—lives this out with leaders, strong men and winsome women, those who understand girlhood, its weakness, its strength, its opportunity, and its possibility, with a longing to see every camper be her best.

Could we begin to comprehend what it would mean to our future homes and through them to the life of our nation—could every teen-age girl have this opportunity of coming into contact with just such Christian men and women and receiving such training even though it were only for two weeks?

Of course such is not possible. But should not many more of our older girls have this opportunity, for they are the ones who will wield the greatest influence over others, both boys and girls? Once they

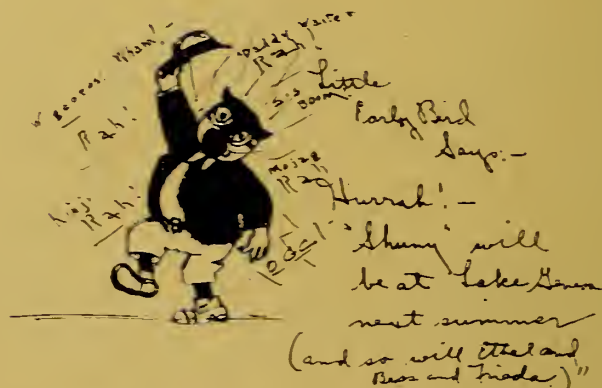
gain the vision of service for others, they, with their enthusiasm and untiring energy, will serve Him with a purpose nothing, no nothing, however difficult, will stop, and no price will be too high to pay that victory may be His.

The influence of Geneva reminds me of the “Artist’s Masterpiece,” for surely the Spirit of Geneva paints for every girl a picture, “Herself at Her Best,” and as she sits quietly upon the Hillside overlooking the lake, a voice within speaks, “Am I that?” “Can I be that?” The Spirit of Him at Geneva answers “Yes.” And in His strength she quietly vows, “I will be that.”

As our girls turn their backs upon the camp-fire and their faces toward home to carry the inspiration to other girls whom they long to make see Him and know Him as they do, the Spirit of Geneva still clings, and in the words of the prophet each girl feels, I can

do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.—Aley W. Taylor.

2. The Decision.



Dear Mr. Bowmar:

And it came near not being “Early Bird,” too. But, Mr. Bowmar, I’ve been feeling just like above illustration ever since I got my registration receipt. And Ethel Hawkes and Frieda Yordy, two of my chums, feel just the same. Another of my pals is intending to register, but has been holding back because she did not know when her vacation would come, but I think she’ll get to the O. G. C. all right!

The Camp Leadership

AFTER all, the real glory of Conference Point is its leadership. Of course, in this reflection, the boys and girls are excepted. The lake, the hilltop, the "Tipi," the trees, and birds are all dear to us. But what would all these things mean to the campers if we did not have that splendid background of leadership for which the Camps are noted?

Imagine, if you can, no "Kinji," no "Waonspeakiye," no "Mojag," no "Minisino," no "Kawinjag," and, again, no "Sheboygo," no "Peemahtahachegay," no "Waste," no "Awashonks," no "Wapo." I have mentioned but a few; scores of others could be named. "But," you say, "take away the leaders and we just naturally have no Camp-Conference." All of which is quite true—"There just naturally wouldn't be a Camp-Conference."

The Camp leadership is divided into three groups, namely: "Headquarters," the administrative and teaching group; "Tent and Cottage Leaders," who are in charge of the tent and cottage groups; and the "Student Leaders," some of whom are used, at times, as leaders of tent groups, others having charge of certain features or the athletic and aquatic programs.

These three groups meet every day, just after dinner, for the purpose of handling the business of the Camp. Every leader has a voice in determining the Camp policy. Acting on the principle that "Two heads are better than one," and "In the multitude of council there is much wisdom," the Camp Director daily invites the criticism and suggestions of his leaders. Thus a constant check is kept on every detail of Camp activity, and many adjustments are made to make the Camp better with each passing day.

The following is a good example of one of the many ways in which the Leaders' Council functions. Several years ago there appeared in the Camp two boys who had been given a wrong impression of the real purpose of the Camp-Conference. Their leaders back home had

stressed the vacation idea and said very little about the class work and training features. The result was, these boys were very much out of joint with things for the first four or five days. In the meantime, their leaders had been "getting next" to their groups so that they knew the reaction of each boy to the program of the Camp. They found that the boys were "cutting" classes and generally holding themselves aloof from the other boys in their play and recreational activities. The boys had little to say to anyone, and that little was usually in the form of a "knock."

The leaders brought these two cases before the Council and a definite line of action was mapped out. Student leaders began to "pick up" the two boys and passed on to them what the Camp had meant to them. Members of the headquarters' staff "got next" to the "misfits"; they were "sandwiched"



3. The Struggle.

into all the activities of the Camp. For several days the boys were never permitted to be alone; the Leaders' Council, by agreement, saw to it that when one leader dropped them another picked them up. In a few days the boys were "coming" in fine shape, and by the time the Conference came to a close, were rooting just as hard for the Camp as any other fellow on the hilltop.

This is but one of many kinds of items handled by the Leaders' Council. It serves to show the careful consideration that is given each individual boy and girl.

No leader is accepted for the Camp unless he, or she, has a definite contribution to make to the life of the Camp. Among the leaders are prominent business men, lawyers, ministers, and educators, many of whom sacrifice time and money to spend these two weeks in the "woods school" in order to have a part in this great training program for young people.

A finer, jollier lot of men and women it would be hard to find anywhere than the leaders of the two International Camp-Conferences. I covet for every boy and

girl in North America the privilege of spending two weeks with them on the hill-top.

"Help! Help! Help!" "Nuts! Nuts! Nuts!"—Campers, can you hear 'em? Can you see 'em snaking their way down the hillside to the "home of the Ice Cream Cone?"

PRESTON G. ORWIG.

PROSPECT.

THE Godward look faces us right for future service and happiness."

Can you imagine any place where boys and girls are getting this Godward look in a more concrete, practical way than at our dear old Conference Point on Lake Geneva? The very trees seem to murmur to us, "God is near." We know He is by the splendid spirit manifested in all the sports. We know He is when seated on "Hillside" at the twilight hour. The very sunset seems to be caressing our dear Geneva-Galilee and then, when the night stunts are over and our group is "huddled together" on one bed for good-night prayers, we know He has walked with us hand in hand through the whole day.

Just say the word "Geneva" to a camper, and what a swarm of happy, precious memories come flying into the mind. There seems to be a magic in the word "Geneva." Is it all on account of the sports, the nights' doings, the strictly physical and social sides of the Camp? Letters from and talks with Geneva boys and girls do not lead us to that conclusion. These only make more real to them the religious side of their lives. Isn't it wonderful when we finally grasp the thought that to be a Christian in the real Jesus way we must develop not only religiously, but physically, mentally, and socially as well; in other words, Christianize the physical, mental, and social sides of our lives.

It has been said, the man who says "I was" is dead; he who says "I am" is dying; he who says "I shall" is alive and living, he owns the future. Live over again in memory that wonderful last night in council circle. Recall what was said and perhaps what you said the Camp had meant to

you and the determination there expressed to accomplish big things in the home community and Sunday school during the coming year. Can you recall any spirit of a "has been" or even of an "I am" in anything you heard that night? No, the Geneva girls and boys have the "I shall" spirit, and even now are living with at least their hearts and brains in the great future of the organized Sunday school work.

And was this enthusiasm only for the moment? Were we simply keyed up and would it die out with the dying out of our camp-fire that night? NO. Listen.—Can you not almost hear the busy whirl

of activities all over this North American continent set in motion by the storage batteries of young lives which were charged with enthusiasm during those ten days of Camp? Can you in your wildest imagination picture a Geneva girl or boy "petering out?" They know how to do things, and best of all they know how and

are determined to live out in their own lives the things they do and teach. And so with the "I shall" spirit they are going on to greater and greater conquests and victories, having a vision of the great future and with this prayer ever in their hearts, "O Man of Galilee, if there is anything I can do for Thee, show it to me. O Man of Galilee, I will not fail Thee."

MRS. A. G. SHOGREN.



4. The Victory.

"IF I WERE KING."

WHEN I was a girl in my teens, one of the books which impressed itself very vividly upon my mind was Justin McCarthy's "If I Were King." Those of you who have read the book will remember Francois Villon, a man to whom the author gives many admirable qualities. He is pictured as a man of strong mentality, courageous, kind, full of fun, and yet living an effective life on a very low social plane. Through a series of ordinary events, some verses which Francois had composed one night for the amusement of his companions reached the ears of the king. King Louis, at that time troubled and op-

pressed by enemies of his kingdom, decides to give Francois a chance to fulfill his boasts. So, overnight, Francois finds himself transposed from a vagrant's existence to the palace of the king. He is suddenly placed in the midst of royalty, clothed in splendor, and vested with full power and authority over France for seven delirious days. The author then proceeds to show how Francois, given a chance, seizes his wonderful opportunity, and making use of the talents which he had always possessed but formerly wasted, delivers France from her enemies, and convinces all in the palace that "a man has come to court."

To offset this picture which had formed in my mind was that of John the Baptist—a man living alone in the wilderness, clothed in skins, and eating locusts and wild honey, but, nevertheless, described as "sent from God." Of the two pictures, the one which was attractive to me was the picture of Francois in the palace, surrounded with splendor and companionship, but my foolish conclusion was that I must accept the unattractiveness and lonesomeness of the wilderness, or reject the divine commission.

Have any of you, dear readers, ever had such a mistaken conception? Have any of you ever had the idea that beauty, companionship, power, authority, and opportunities were inconsistent with being "sent from God?" If so, let me invite you to Geneva to have set before you a third picture, of Jesus growing "in wisdom, and stature, and in favor with God and man." Let me invite you to Geneva for twelve delirious days to learn how beauty, splendor, companionship, and opportunity to develop talents may be unmistakably combined with a call to service. Geneva is calling you not to a wilderness, but rather "to come to court." Geneva is calling you to an opportunity to develop a normal, healthy life, that you may be vested with power and authority and become worthy of being "sent from God."

EDITH M. CHAPMAN.

"BE YOURSELF AT YOUR BEST."

EVERY girl I know, when she stops to think about it, wants to grow into the very biggest person she can possibly develop into. How well did a loved leader understand girls, at a recent Girls' Conference, when she gave this final thought for the girls to carry home with them. "Girls, be *yourself* at your best." There was something intensely stimulating in that to every girl there; the expression of faith in the innate possibilities of the girls themselves made us all feel that a mighty challenge had been thrown out to

us. And not one of us but knew she had made no mistake. "*Ourselves at our best*"—not a girl there but had moments when she knew she was reaching heights of consecration and high resolution. Not one of us but had experiences when we were conscious of impulses almost Christlike in their utter unselfishness; if we could always live on that high plane, our best!

I verily believe there isn't a spot under God's heavens

where it is so easy to be one's best as at the Camp of a Hundred Fires on lovely Lake Geneva. Such a happy combination of recreation, information, inspiration, and good-fellowship is rarely found. There many girls learn for the first time the joys of living fourfoldly, according to Jesus's plan and example.

It's been my privilege to watch closely a number of girls who have come back home with their lights burning brightly from the Hundred Fires, and it's been great to see with what added zest they enter into every activity. Consciously or unconsciously they've learned the joys of the Second Mile. Not one of them will ever be content again to live a mediocre life, merely going through day after day in a listless, purposeless fashion. It was only this afternoon that an enthusiastic member of the Wigeopos said to me: "Do you know, since going to Camp last summer, I enjoy *everything* more?"

And I was reminded then of what our dear old college president used to be fond



5. The Ascent.

of saying about a college education, namely: that "All its advantages could be classed under two heads, the increased ability to serve and the added capacity to enjoy." The Camp of a Hundred Fires gives these

two precious gifts to every girl, "according as she asketh," and then, thrown in for good measure, heaped up, and running over, that even more precious gift, the desire to serve. CAROL STRECKER.

The Family Life

IN THE memory of the leader of a group of girls at Conference Point there is no one thing that stands out more prominently than the life in the cottage or tent: and there are no more pleasant memories connected with any feature of the many-sided life there.

While the adjustments are being made there is, naturally, no small amount of curiosity on the part of both camper and leader as to what each one will "draw" in this interesting "lottery." It is no trifling matter to make the assignments and have the combinations entirely satisfactory.

Sometimes there is an inclination on the part of the newcomers to take a little hand themselves in these formalities, but one encounter with Mojag is enough to settle that for all time. A second-or-third-year girl has never been known to attempt it. It would be as easy to change the laws of the Medes and Persians you may be sure. The poor little first-year girl who tries it, retreats without being urged when she has listened to his businesslike explanation of the thirty-four (or is it *forty-three*?) distinct and separate entries that would have to be changed if she rooms with Evangeline instead of Mary-Elizabeth.

Sometimes one couple is a little premature, too, in settling themselves in the "best room," having neglected to notice that they were assigned to a certain number. This, of course, is just at the very first, for such a thing could never happen after a few days spent in the atmosphere of the place. The selfish "germ" has a very small chance at Lake Geneva.

The group is usually made up of representatives from widely separated parts of the country. One cottage, I remember,

had two girls from Pennsylvania, two from Missouri, two from Illinois, two from Ohio, and two from California. After the first day, spent in close companionship, they are usually well acquainted and the real family life begins. It is surprising how so many can, in such small quarters, be so comfortable and happy, and do so much to give real joy to one another.

The duties and responsibilities are distributed, and it is not

long before there is a strong cottage or tent spirit, and each one is genuinely in earnest about doing her part to make the record good.

"Inspection" is one of the most exciting features about it. The people who are chosen to do this work have to be very hard-hearted individuals indeed.

A shoe standing a bit out of line in the row under the edge of the bed, a hastily removed garment thrown carelessly down, a scrap of paper no bigger than your thumbnail found upon the grass just outside, have been known to subtract credits from the cottage, and just one innocent little giggle after the "lights out" signal has brought the same result.

When this happens there is "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," for everyone knows it will bring down the wrath of the whole "tribe" upon the head of the group which has lowered the record for the day.

The duties of the leader are many and varied. She must make sure that every



6. The Prize.

girl is out and on the ground for the setting-up exercises; that she is on time to her meals. She must see that she clearly understands her schedule, and knows just where to find the places where she must be. She must be ready to give advice about the group stunt; she may have to let some dear girl weep on her shoulder over some worry which is real or imaginary; she may be compelled to tactfully avert a week-end visit from a very dear "friend"; she has to encourage or restrain as the case may be; she may even have to reprove.

No matter what the perplexities of the day have been, they are all forgotten when the last few minutes come. It is then that the little group comes together in the sweetest sense of the family life, for their good-night.

The moon throws its silver stairway across the quiet waters of the lake as they sweep with regular, musical swish up onto the sands. In the beauty and restfulness of it all, everything else is forgotten as they have the word of song, or experience, or prayer together. What leader is there who would for anything exchange the privilege of "mothering" a company of girls in this way at Conference Point? It is an experience whose blessing brightens the whole year through.

PHEBE A. CURTISS.

PROBLEMS VANISH.

THERE'S lots to be said about the folks, the place, the purpose, the four-fold life, and the Camp spirit. The boys and girls will be telling about them all down the coming years. Let's look directly into the face of a camper who has been there and see what we can see. I mean after he has been back home long enough for the normal, enthusiastic fit to subside. Well, there is that added brilliancy of countenance that every one of them has. The eye has just the Geneva twinkle, you know.

Bob came home and dropped down into his regular seat in the class. It seemed reasonably comfortable until a full report of the trip was given to all the fellows. Three or four Sundays afterward that old seat began to be terribly hard. One Sunday morning the superintendent asked the boys to sing for the school. They all "scrootched" down in their seats as usual, except Bob. No, sir, he came right on out with a "Come on, 'fellers,'" and, would you believe me, those fellows followed! Well, they did one of those Geneva



Bob.

songs that the fellows come home "a-tuning" all the time. Strange to say, too, this same "Captain Bob" took the unpopular place and played with the second basket ball team when everybody knew he was one of the best. The thing that puzzled the fellows was that he seemed to enjoy it. The Seconders' spirits so rose that they came near beating the champions.

These younger fellows who make up the second team of the department rose to the occasion and urged on the council the regular appointment of Bob as their teacher. He is doing the job now. I saw them in action last Sunday morning. They are on the job all right—voted about a dozen times on something or other. They know Bob has something for them and he has—Geneva, Kinji, Fourfold Life, the Other Fellow, Hillside, 4-44 is the signal. And this Bob is none other than the fellow who was known at Geneva as "The Hard Guy from the Mountains."

Then there are the other fellows—one urging and following up the Geneva Club organization, urging every fellow in town

to give Conference Point a chance in his life. Then there are the fellows who are searching for and digging through the materials to make up that missing letter. You know things turn up for him who digs. Then, there is a "Dad" here and there saying, "We don't hear anything at our house but Geneva, Geneva, Geneva—breakfast, dinner, supper, and bedtime. I know the dates already better than my business obligations. But I guess we are going to let him go back, anyhow we can't help thinking more of him since he went up there."

The change the campers' experience is the key to the situation. They do not know when it takes place excepting they feel themselves grow bigger and bigger as each day goes by. Then comes Kinji's double steam ahead days, and a fellow is stretched to his limit. When they leave for Conference Point there is a depressing thought of "How will we ever make our Sunday school succeed," and when they come home the outstanding thought is "We can't keep our Sunday school from being the finest place in the world, because we have something to put into it." And they have, and they put themselves into the great task of rejuvenating their own Sunday school. It can only be done by new growth and life. Conference Point gives the two with such acceleration of action that the campers are able to crack the stone wall of tradition and custom through which they are beginning to see their Lord as He grew "in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." For the first time many a boy has realized the meaning of "In His image," and felt for the first time the measure of "When I awake in His likeness, then I shall be satisfied." Is it any wonder these fellows can go right after things for their department when they have been once at Conference Point? W. H. KENDRICK.

LAND OF MINE.

Oh, the world is full of countries, but
there's one that is my own;
It's the land that stood for freedom when
it had to stand alone;
It's the land that gave a welcome to all
men who would be free;
Of all the lands around the earth it is the
land for me.

Refrain:

Land of mine, mine, mine!
Oh, land of mine, mine, mine!
From Atlantic to Pacific, from the palm
tree to the pine,
With the old flag waving o'er you
There's no foe can stand before you, Land
of mine!
Land of mine! Land of mine, mine,
MINE!!

Now your sons rise up in legions as they did
in other days;
With the old faith of the fathers we will
march on vict'ry's ways;
We have heard the rousing summons as it
spend from sea to sea,
And I will do my part to prove you are the
land for me.

Every lamp light in the window, ev'ry
pray'r breathed in the night,
Ev'ry drum beat in the daytime calls my
soul to what is right;
In the sky in stainless glory floats the old
flag of the free,
And in its glow the world shall know you
are the land for me.

PUSH BACK YOUR HORIZON.

THERE is a story about a man who
climbed from a valley up to the sum-
mit of a mountain. In the valley, every-
thing had appeared great to him: a mighty
river tumbled along its course, wide fields
waved their harvests, and clusters of high

IF YOU HATE YOUR ENEMIES, YOU WILL CONTRACT
SUCH A VICIOUS HABIT OF MIND AS BY DEGREES
WILL BREAK OUT UPON THOSE WHO ARE YOUR
FRIENDS, OR THOSE WHO ARE INDIFFERENT TO YOU.

PLUTARCH.

My Task

To love some one more dearly every day;
To help a wandering child to find his way;
To ponder o'er a noble thought, and pray
And smile when evening falls—
This is my task!

To seek for truth as blind men long for light;
To do my best from dawn of day 'til night;
To keep my heart fit for His holy sight,
To answer when He calls—
This is my task.

And then my Savior bye and bye to meet,
When faith hath made her task on earth complete;
And lay my homage at the Master's feet
Within the jasper walls—
This crowns my task.

buildings loomed up on every hand. The scope of his vision was narrow, for the limits of the valley bounded it.
But once on the mountain-top, the climber was overcome with a joyous sense of freedom. He could behold every object which he had seen in the valley below, but each was now a mere miniature of its former self. A silver ribbon marked the winding of the river, and white dots told of farmhouses. Objects were small, but

oh, how much farther he could see! Far, far away he looked,—over towns and villages, rivers and lakes, till distance obscured the scene. His horizon included a vast area, but the separate objects themselves seemed insignificant.
Let us, too, climb the mountain and watch our little affairs dwindle until we see them in their true relationship to the broad landscape of our lives. Let us push back our horizons!
M. F. A., '22.

Double Up

"Nineteen-nineteen—the double date—
May it leave its imprint on your fate!
Double up your blessings, double up your
wealth.

Double up your happiness, double up
your health!"

THIS clever little New Year's verse came to my attention a few weeks ago and set me to thinking in reference to Conference Point. Why wouldn't it be a good thing to make this a doubling-up year in the Camp-Conferences? Are there phases of our life there together that could well be made twice their present size or intensity? Yes, I think there are, and I want to suggest a few of them.

First of all, let's double up the number of states and provinces represented in Camp. Many of us have been ready and willing to help work up big delegations from our own particular state or province, but have been selfish along with our willingness. While we are working up our own crowd, let's look across the state line once in a while and see if the neighbors over there need any encouragement or help. I know of one case where an enthusiastic Conference Pointer selected a rather distant state which had had no representation in Camp up to that time. She knew the State Secretary very well, and wrote him that he was going to receive a letter from her every two weeks until some girl from his state enrolled for Camp. It worked, and the result was a creditable representative from that state, who vows she is going to bring five back with her in 1919. We don't need to be members of the "Tipi" of 63 in order to help this part of the Camp life along—Come on! Double up!

Next let's double the size of our delegation. If we all should follow out this advice, Kinji surely would throw up his hands and Mojag would give up his job as Chief Baggage Smasher! You who have never had the inspiration which comes from belonging to a good-sized delegation, who have had to join the medley states for stunt night, etc., could be twice as happy this year if you would decide right now to bring a delegation with you double the size of the 1918 crowd. Come on! Double up!

While we are considering the size of the delegations, let's ponder well, too, over the question of quality. The Lake Geneva Camp is known everywhere as a training

school for leaders. No one should be urged to come there unless somebody with wise judgment back in the home church or county work has seen in him signs of promise. Conference Point has too sacred a history and too high a reputation in later years to be cheapened by crowds of young people seeking mere enjoyment. It is not fair to the large number who have an earnest desire for training in leadership to let one mediocre spirit creep into our delegations. Our work will command greater respect if the requirements are high. Come on! Double up!

How about our resolutions as to how we will conduct ourselves after we get to Camp? There are two kinds of people that go to Camp that lose a great deal of the value of it. There are those who throw themselves into all the activities the first week head first and then "peter out" so the second week that folks forget they've been there.

Then, on the other hand, there are those who go around for over half the time in a sort of dazed state and wake up about the time the awards are to be made and wonder why they didn't get into things earlier.

Between these two extremes is the happy medium who always save any situation. They begin, continue, and end with a fine display of that finest of qualities known as "sustained enthusiasm." What say you on enthusiasm? Shall we double up?

If you should ask an experienced Conference Pointer what the best thing about the whole scheme is he would tell you that which has meant most to him from it all has been the formation of friendships. Unless you have experienced it, you don't know what a joy it is to look over the map of the United States and Canada and be able to put your finger on this spot or that over the entire continent and say, "There I have a friend!" or "At that place is some one who would be glad to see me any time I'd drop in."

As we go to the Camp year after year, there is a danger of our becoming absorbed in our own little group, made up of the folks we like best, and neglecting to cultivate the newer campers. The spirit of clique should never be allowed to get the upper hand. By encouraging it we make it hard for the younger boys and girls,

and we deprive ourselves of great treasure. What shall we do about our circle of friends in 1919? Let's double it!

But, after all, what is the object of the two weeks at Conference Point? It is to make us ready to go back to our home counties, districts, churches, and schools, and do more effective work there than we could otherwise have done.

If the folks back home don't find us a little more ready to undertake the hard

tasks, a bit more efficient in carrying them through to completion, if they don't see in us growing manifestations that we are living in the "Jesus way," our coming has been of no avail.

Let's resolve here and now that 1919's Camp shall see us twice as eager for training, twice as devoted in our work, twice as square in our everyday living. Once again, "Double up!"

MABEL E. CURTISS.

A Day in Camp

"HEY, fellows! there goes the bell. Bring my suit in, too, will you, Stout?"

Six boys rolled out of their beds in the Bethel cottage at the top of the hill. Some of them were rubbing their eyes, but the eagerness with which they shed pajamas and put on bathing suits was a sure indication that they were eager for the day, no matter how sleepy they were a minute ago.

Mr. Jones, a human volcano, white on top and with fire inside, hastily surveyed his family of six and then led the way to the playground.

In a few minutes, one hundred and fifty boys with twenty adult leaders from twenty other cottages or tents were lined up. Bantering ceased and every right hand came to salute, for the Stars and Stripes and the Canadian flag were being raised to the top of the pole. A bugle and one hundred and seventy voices were blended in the National Anthem. Then came the sharp, quick commands of the Physical Director as knees, arms, legs, backs, and necks were subjected to a "setting up." No bantering now, for Kinji-gissis, the great chief, was watching—only he didn't look like a chief exactly. A blue bathing suit, a gray sweater, and a sunburned head is not Cooper's description of a chief, still Kinji is the chief in the hearts and on the tongues of these boys.

"That's all," and two minutes later the water of Lake Geneva at the boat landing was full of boys.

Another day in the life of a selected group of boys and adult leaders at the Camp-Conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, was under way. Chief Kinji-gissis is John L. Alexander, Young People's Superintendent of the International Sunday School Association, and the boys are from all over the North American continent. Mr. Jones is one of the adult leaders.

How they laughed and sang and talked and cheered as they ate their breakfast! How mothers and sisters would have laughed if they could have seen them after breakfast as they swept and cleaned their cottages or tents! How teachers in high school and college "back home" would have gasped if they could have seen these boys study and "write up" notebooks on that July day—in vacation time! For that entire morning—and every morning in camp—was spent in class work either in the Tipi-Wakan or out in the woods. And such things as they learned—the mysteries of the woods, campcraft, elementary pedagogy, Sunday school plans.

Yet everything centered about the fourfold way in which a boy must develop if he is to become the Jesus type of man. Every boy looks to Luke 2: 52, as his inspiration, and charts his life on the program there suggested.

That evening, when the shadows were long over the lake, and the hush of the day's end rested upon the camp, the boys gathered at the most interesting place of all—at the Hillside. There where they caught glimpses of the lake through the trees, they sang hymns and then prayed—and they sang and prayed with the same enthusiasm and abandon with which they had played earlier that afternoon. One of the leaders spoke to them as they sat among the trees and emphasized some phase of the fourfold program.

"A fellow isn't afraid to pray here." "Say, this is a great old Camp, isn't it?"

And so they went from the Hillside with its quiet to the council circle, down in the woods, with its fun and tests of originality and leadership.

At 10:30, in the light of the dying campfire, the boys separated to their cottages and camps, there to engage in a little family

prayer service with their leaders, and then to bed.

A few minutes after eleven Mr. Jones opened his eyes, and on the ceiling over his bed saw the flickering outline of the window. It was the flash of the inspector's

lantern. Just before Mr. Jones lapsed into sleep he noticed the regular, deep breathing of six boys who that day had studied and played and worked and prayed in the Jesus way.

SAMUEL B. FARES.

TREES

By JOYCE KILMER

Killed in Action, August, 1919

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

The American Forestry Association is urging clubs and societies to take part in the wide-spread movement to plant a tree in honor of the soldier, whether he be returned or left "over there."—[*News Item*.



For Home and Country



Alfred Everett Orr

VICTORY LIBERTY LOAN

The Camp Improvement Fund

These are the days that begin the improvements at Conference Point. The carpenters and builders make the day sing with the noise of the hammer.

We are still hoping to reach the One Thousand Dollars necessary to complete our plans. Please do not forget your part to make the Camp the most comfortable Camp in the land. Here is the standing of the fund now:

Amount reported in last issue.....	\$355.00
E. Geo. Baxter.....	3.00
A friend through Ruth E. Young.....	5.00
Catherine O. Breithaupt.....	10.00
Helen Bradley.....	1.00
Phebe A. Curtiss.....	5.00
Harold R. Small.....	1.00
Elizabeth Thomas.....	3.00
Catherine Kolbe.....	2.00
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(INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION)

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